

The Desert

TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

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VOL. I.

THE HAPPY EXPLANATION;

A TALE.

Miss Letitia Urwin was a young lady amiable in her person, elegant in her manners, lovely, and intelligent. Many beaux fluttered around her, many coxcombs offered her egregious flattery, and frequently, by assiduous attention, obtained the honour to accompany her to various places of fashionable amusement.

But among the numerous visitants to her father's house was a young gentleman of a different character. Mr. Osborn was a man of sense and honour, and highly esteemed by Mr. Urwin, the father of Letitia. He had a few years before come into possession of a considerable estate; and was esteemed by all who knew him, especially by his tenants and their country neighbours, for his generosity and benevolence.

The frequent interviews which this gentleman had with the amiable Letitia, had made a strong impression on his heart: they had, however, produced no positive declaration of his affection; yet were his intentions sufficiently marked to attract her notice, and even to interest her in his favour; for whatever volatility she might occasionally indulge with the trivial insects who buzzed around her, she had too good an understanding not to perceive and esteem the solid merit of Mr. Osborn.

It chanced, one day, that a flaming colonel of militia, a man of affected gallantry, and talkative vacuity, having an appointment to escort Miss Letitia and some other young ladies to Ranelagh, waited on her at her father's, while Mr. Osborn was there. Letitia felt herself of some importance, and indulged in that exultation in her charms which is so natural to woman. Flattered by the colonel, in his manner, and sincerely believed, as she believed, by Mr. Osborn, she gave way to all that flow of spirits with which this species of self-satisfaction frequently inspires the sex. She rallied the colonel, returned all his jokes with large interest; and, in short, answered him so much according to his folly, that Mr. Osborn began to suspect that she also was like him. She now turned to Mr. Osborn, and invited him to accompany them to the place of entertainment; but he excused himself, alledging that he had an engagement relative to some business which he could not with propriety neglect. This, however, he did with such an air of disturbance and embarrassment, that the fair one interpreted his refusal into the pique of awakened jealousy and being piqued, in her turn, that he should dare attempt to break his chain,—to punish him for this act of mutiny, affected to coquet still

more with the colonel; and left Mr. Osborn with as distant and slighting an adieu as the laws of good manners would permit.

After she was gone, Mr. Osborn entered into conversation with the cousin of Letitia, a Miss Lorimer, who was at that time at Mr. Urwin's on a visit, and who had not accompanied the party of the night, on account of a severe cold she had taken. This lady was not of the most gentle disposition; nor was she, in any degree, the equal of her cousin in personal accomplishments. She could not, therefore, see without envy that all the flattery of the gay visitants at Mr. Urwin's was offered to Letitia, and that only such scraps of it as could not be refused without rudeness fell to her share. She was, in consequence, never inclined to be her panegyrist behind her back; and accordingly, in her present conference with Mr. Osborn, quickly contrived to turn the discourse upon the behaviour of her cousin, who, Mr. Osborn observed, seemed to be in remarkable high spirits that evening.

"Spirits, sir! (retorted she, briskly) she is always in high spirits when she can get any body to flatter her; and as to her flighty behaviour to the colonel, she would behave the same to the captain, or the lieutenant, or the ensign, or, I believe in my conscience, to the serjeant or the corporal, if they would but flatter her vanity; or, which is almost as acceptable to her, carry her junketing about to places of public entertainment where she may make a show of herself; for she certainly thinks there never was such a phoenix born in the world."

This liberal speech was by no means agreeable to Mr. Osborn; his natural generosity and candour were sufficient to make him despise it as contemptible scandal; but the love he still really felt in his heart for Letitia rendered it so offensive to him, that it almost roused his indignation and resentment.

Still was it not without its effects. He presently took his leave; but the more he thought on what he had witnessed and what he had heard, the more he conceived it to be incumbent on him to rescue himself by timely exertions from danger which he esteemed so imminent,—justly considering it as the height of imprudence to let love take root in his heart for a woman of a character so different from his own. He resolved, therefore, immediately to set about his cure by absenting himself from her, who, he felt, while he remained near her, was daily becoming more and more the object of his affection.

He, accordingly, two days afterwards, abruptly set out on a visit to a friend at a considerable distance in the country, where he resolved to stay a few months amusing himself with ruf-

tic pursuits and sports; hoping thus to eradicate a passion he considered as dangerous, before it should take too deep root.

After he had remained here two or three weeks, as he was one morning walking out with his gun, and musing, against his will, on the perfections and defects of the too charming fair one from whose presence he fled, passing along by a thick hedge, he heard a female voice on the other side. It perfectly resembled the voice of Letitia. He looked through the hedge, and saw that it was herself. He listened, and the following words astonished his ears—

"How simple—how delightful the charms of nature in this rural retirement!—how preferable to the noisy follies of the town!—Yet how much have I seemed to indulge in, and relish, those follies, contrary to my better judgement, and my genuine feelings!—When I survey the scene before me, how much do I repent! and still more do I repent when I reflect that this inconsiderate giddiness, I fear, has lost me the friendship of the man who possessed more of my esteem than perhaps any other, Alas, he knew me not!"

All this seemed enchantment to Mr. Osborn: it appeared the effect of enchantment that Letitia should be so near him, when he imagined himself so far from her; and rapturously enchanting was it to his heart, to hear such sentiments drop from her lips.

But we will here stop one moment to inform the gentle reader, should he or she be inquisitive, that all this happened in the most natural manner possible. For, within a week after Mr. Osborn's abrupt departure from town, Letitia received an invitation from her uncle in Leicestershire, to spend a month or two with him at his country-seat in that county; which invitation she immediately accepted; and walking out, one fine morning, she seated herself in a retired place, and read for a while in the "Seasons" of Thomson, of which she was a great admirer, until at length, not suspecting any human creature could be near her, she expressed the thoughts of her heart aloud in the manner above related.

Mr. Osborn, equally surprised, affected, and delighted, presently passed the stile, and suddenly presented himself before her. The astonishment of Letitia, and the tender embarrassment of both her and her lover, may be easier conceived than described. As both however, were equally strangers to either falsehood or affectation, an explanation soon took place, of the circumstances which had caused their unexpected meeting, and also of the real sentiments and wish of their hearts; and their union, in the tenderest bonds of love and fidelity, quickly followed this happy explanation.

ANNA—A FRAGMENT.

[Continued from our last.]

"TAKE care of the twigs, an' please your honour," said Trim (at the same time pushing them back with his stick, to let my uncle enter the cottage,—near the door of which a felled tree was lying).—Trim followed.

They found Anna feeding her children:—the meal of charity had just been left by a grey-headed old man.

There is something about rustic benevolence more grateful to my feelings, than the contributions of thousands towards raising an hospital.—How can I account for this?—Is it that, in the latter case, doubt hangs so heavy upon my affections as to retard their motion?—for Vanity so often usurps the place of Humanity, that it would puzzle Sagacity herself to know which of the two were in action.—Perhaps it is that simple and natural impulse of honesty with which the rustic acts, that tunes my frame to a more pleasing harmony.—The generosity of polished life mingles itself with such an infinitude of artful movements, that nature seems to disown it.

Gentle reader!—think not Anna lazy in her grief;—she sewed for her poor neighbours;—the tears of sorrow and gratitude often followed her needle.—When Trim entered, she immediately remembered him.

"You are Mr. Trim, (said Anna) who pitied my misfortunes, as I last night told you my story."

"Yes, Anna! (replied Trim, with a look of generous sympathy)—and shall, as long as I have a head to remember, and a heart to feel."

"Every one who knows your story, Anna;" quoth my uncle Toby, gently taking her by the hand, and alternately patting the cheeks of her children.—"Every one who knows your story, Anna, must feel for you."

"Serjeant Callous (said Anna, with a look of melancholly certainty), knew how cruel he was acting;—but he did not feel."

"Feeling has nothing to do with his commission, Anna," said my uncle Toby.

"Then he has no duty to perform in this world (quoth Trim).—And I should think, your honour, we might very well dispense with his post."

"So do I, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"I did not inform your honour (said Trim) of the letter that Anna received from Flanders."

Poor Anna trembled—the stream of sorrow was not dried up—she wiped the tear from her cheek;—another came,—she wiped that away too;—still another supplied its place.—Surely, such perseverance argues some right, real or supposed.

—She took a letter from her bosom—that was not the one!—She kissed and lodged it there again.—She then took the other from her pocket, and handed it to Trim.—The corporal, with due military obedience, raised his right hand,—placing the back of it so as to be rather above parallel with his forehead,—and, with his left, delivered the letter to my uncle Toby.

At the time that the old man entered, to bring his contributions towards the subsistence of

Anna and her children, Anna was weeping over the fatal letter she had received from Edward.

—There are moments when Grief is so bathful, that she loves not only to hide her tears but even the very cause of them:—this was one of those moments.—As the old man entered, she hastily dried her eyes, and as hastily deposited the letter in her bosom.

The following was the letter from Flanders:

"Dear Anna,

"I am sorry to write you bad news:—indeed I am!—Edward received two shots in yesterday's engagement.—Poor fellow!—We lay many a night in the same tent!—We had a great regard for each other, for we partly shared the same fate—I was kidnapped as well as he.—The loss of me has broken an aged mother's heart.—I maintained her once.—She perished with grief and hunger.—How many a night has Edward and myself shed tears, instead of being asleep,—and fretted on our straw!—He has often told me how happy you lived together,—and what sweet little children you had.—I shall never see them again, James!" he'd say,—then turn his head from me, and weep like a child.—I wish I had been killed instead of him!—He bade me send to you the inclosed little locket, which you gave him (as he told me) for his kindness to the sparrow.—He gave it to me just before they dressed his wounds.—About eight hours after, he died!—Had the serjeant been as kind to Edward as Edward was to a bird, this wouldn't have been.—What a shame!—they look more cool here in killing men, and seeing bloodshed, than we do in the country, when we kill the insects that blight our trees.—I never thought that men could be so cruel, Anna!—If ever I return, I'll maintain you and your children, instead of my mother.

"Your unfortunate friend,

"JAMES"

"If the great folks were to feel what we feel, they wouldn't be so ready to make wars."

Before my uncle Toby had half read the letter, he went to the door to finish it.—"Anna (said he to himself) has sorrows enough of her own without seeing mine!

Generous Toby.

"Tell me Anna—(said my uncle Toby, in a tone of the sweetest sympathy that ever hung on the lips of humanity)—Tell me, Anna,—how can I make thee forget thy trouble?"

"I never shall forget them!—(said Anna, clasping her hands together)—but I shall remember your kindness and Mr. Trim's as long as I live."

Had nature placed *speech* in her heart, she could not have spoken with more sincerity.—The looks of Trim and my uncle Toby acknowledged it, and answered her.

"Thy thanks have cancelled the obligation that thou owedst unto us, if fellow-feeling—which we naturally owe to each other—may be thus accounted an obligation."

—"Give me the other letter, Anna—(said my uncle Toby, in the modulation of tenderness)—I have a use for it;—and, I hope, for thy happiness.

Anna drew the letter *slowly* from her bosom. It was a hard trial. It was parting with the dearest companion she had, except her children;

but Gratitude whispered in her ear, "Thy benefactor asks it."

"Here it is," said Anna, with the most patient sweetness.

My uncle Toby folded up the letters in a blank cover which he had prepared before he set out. It was his intention to have sent the one that Trim had repeated to him to Anna's father.—He thought there was strength sufficient in *that*, but such a reinforcement as the one from Flanders, and the expedition to be conducted by Trim, too!—it couldn't fail.

"I will not advance a line! (said my uncle Toby, as he inclosed the letters). There is force enough (quoth he) to take the strongest fortress that was ever garrisoned by anger or revenge. I'll not write a word in it."

"Here Anna! (continued my uncle Toby, with as much generous and military warmth as if he were planning the relief of some important post)—be of good cheer, my dear lass,—the day may be ours!—Direct this, in your own handwriting to your father."

Trim took a pen from a little case which he drew from his pocket,—and, dipping it in the ink, gave it to Anna.—Anna took the pen:—her lips grew pale—her hand trembled. >

"He will not open it—(said she, sighing deeply).—He knows my writing 'too well.'"

As she finished the direction, a drop—as clear and spotless as the eye of Innocence ever shed—fell on it; it would have done honour to the brightest page of mercy:—but, alas! it was the consecration of Worthlessness,—for the tear of virtuous dejection mingled with the name of a father and an enemy."

Unnatural union!

"Trim shall take it (said my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Anna).—He's a kind soul, and will act for you as a brother; and, if we are defeated, Anna,—I will be as a father to you and your children:—and when they look around, and see my fortifications,—which may remind them of the means by which they lost their father,—they may then look up with a grateful countenance, and thank the Being of beings who has sent them another in his stead.—Trim shall take it."

"An' please your honour, (said Trim) he cannot hold out long."

"Tell him, Trim (quoth my uncle Toby) I am an old soldier who received a wound."

—"What! (exclaimed Anna, with a look of frantic pity)—and were you kidnapped too?"

"No, my poor lass," replied my uncle Toby: "I went willingly to the wars.—The profession of a soldier is an honourable one, when it is honourably used,—to resist oppression—not support it.—It is meant as a shield to cover those who are not able to protect themselves.—Tell him (continued my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Trim) that my wound prevents my hazarding fatigue, or I should have had the honour of waiting on him myself.—But first attend me to the inn, Trim, where I will wait thy return."

The landlord of Anna's cottage was, fortunately, unlike the common run of those beings:—she owed her rent:—she was welcome to owe it.

My uncle Toby, at parting, tenderly kissed the children:—the tears were in her eyes.—He gave Anna first his hand, and then his purse:

—She received them both with that timid modesty which a delicate mind commonly accepts with.

Anna locked the door of her cottage. She flew to her landlord, and immediately paid her rent.

Anna was honest too, amidst all her sorrows. Surely, with all these virtues, her father will forgive her!

—Leave we Trim, entered on his new commission.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Dessert

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS

On the Question,

ARE SENSIBLE WOMEN—THE BEST WIVES?

"Say, can you meanly think, that science strives
To taint the female breast, where most it thrives;
Yet, if a spark within your own resides,
Contend, that reason every action guides,
Expect distinction from the lowly crowd,
And scorn to dread your honour disallowed?"

HARRISON.

It has frequently been asserted, "that it is impossible for a well-informed female to make a good wife;" and the reasons used in support of this argument are generally such as these: that a sensible woman deems the common duties of life beneath her attention; the tender affiduties of a wife, the unremitting attention of a mother, and numberless other minutiae attendant on domestic life, are by such a one neglected for the more elevated pursuits of literature; that she imagines her understanding equal, if not superior, to her husband's; and that, where this happens, felicity is at an end. Were these assertions made only by the ignorant and uninformed, I should not endeavour to oppose them; being well convinced, that on such the most cogent arguments are lost; but I am not a little surprized to hear this language from those whose minds are enriched in every department of polite and useful learning, and whose understandings are not easily misled by the received notions of the vulgar. In these enlightened times, when the mist of Ignorance is daily fading before the bright lustre of Reason, there is some consolation in hoping that this position will speedily disappear; a position which, I may venture to denominate, a libel on the understanding of mankind. But as example is said to be more forcible than precept, I shall take the liberty to present my readers with two letters from two gentlemen who have lately entered into the marriage state—

DEAR SIR,

THE news of my union has undoubtedly reached you, and I sincerely wish I could send you an account of my being perfectly happy in my choice. It is true, that my wife possesses every charm beauty and youth can give; but, alas! her mind is a perfect blank. The fortune she brought having entailed on us the necessity of an idle life, serves only to increase my infelicity. After remarking the situation of the weather, with a few common place observations, our conversation is exhausted, and we sit like two images. The most animated speeches, passages from the most sublime authors—forgive me, when I say it, passages that might move a stone!—are only answered by a desire for a game at cards! Time changes most things; I hope it will change her whom I have chosen, or your friend is miserable indeed!

PHILANDER.

The other forms a beautiful contrast, and evinces the felicity of marrying a sensible woman—

DEAR SIR,

WORDS are too feeble to speak the happiness I enjoy! The lovely Emily is now mine for ever—I can truly exclaim, with the immortal author of the Seasons—

"'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
That binds our peace, but harmony itself;
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul!"

I need not tell you, that she is beautiful, accomplished, and amiable! but these are all exceeded by the elegance of her mind, and the noble qualities of her soul. I pity those mistaken men, who maintain that an enlightened female is not the preferable wife; were they once acquainted with the delights attendant on an union with a virtuous and well-educated woman, they would heartily recant the error, and confess that the greatest felicity mortals can taste, is alone to be found in such a state. Her affability and sweetness of temper are proverbial among her servants, and the neighbouring poor: even the meanest duties of a female, as they are called, she performs with such grace and ease as gains her the esteem of all around. I would describe—but description fails—the exalted pleasure that I find in her refined conversation. You know what it is to feel the sweet touches of sympathy, in the converse of a chosen friend: judge, then, what superior bliss it must bestow, where it exists between elegant

minds, united by the most sacred and endearing ties of human nature! In short, I am as happy as virtuous love can make me, and the frailty of our nature will allow.

JUVENIS.

Let the examples of Philander and Juvenis suffice to evince, that well-informed women are the best wives. Can it, indeed, be for a moment supposed by any rational man, that a female whose mind is improved, whose soul is fraught with the most just and lively sense of religion and duty—will any venture to affirm that a female so formed, is incapable of those duties she owes to her family and society? Yet such is the language we daily hear from numbers who call themselves men; for, to assert that a well-informed female cannot be a good wife, amounts to what I have stated. As to their having more knowledge than their husbands, that certainly reflects no credit on the male sex; who are in general, I am sorry to confess, ill qualified to fill their rank in the scale of creation. But this should operate as a motive with us to improve in whatever adorns or dignifies the nature of man—for till that is done, we must not hope to see our youths magnanimous and wise—our women intelligent and accomplished. In short, I am decidedly of opinion, that a well informed female, being conscious of her nature and dignity, is more likely to perform the relative duties, than one whose understanding rises not above the common level; and that, therefore, the most sensible women cannot fail to prove the best wives. D.

Hall of Hymen.

—MARRIED—

—On Thursday the 31st. inst. the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. ANDREW ECKLES, of Baltimore, to Miss ELIZA NAGLE of this city.

—On Thursday last, the 5th February Mr. SIMON WALKER, eldest son of William Walker, Esq. of Birmingham, in the kingdom of Great Britain, merchant to Miss ASHLEY, daughter of John Ashley, Esq. late of London

Repository of Death.

—DIED—

—On the 4th inst. JOHN NICHOLSON junior Gun-Smith—aged 26 years.

—On the 23d December last, on his way to St. Thomas, Mr. SAMUEL BARTLESON, of this city, merchant, and a member of the Philadelphia Volunteer Genadiers.



FOR THE DESSERT.

VERSES

*Written by a gentleman upon a Tomb Stone, under which lay his
Wife and Infant.*

TURN traveller thy solitary way,
Turn hitherward a while and shed a tear,
Thy generous grief shall warm their icy clay,
Sweet Charlotte and her babe lie bury'd here.

Say, wast thou ever taught the way to love?
And were thy pleasures blasted in the spring?
If so, my fate shall thy compassion move,
And often to this grave thy memory bring.

The joyless world I wander up and down,
Whilst she! lov'd shade! hides here her paly face,
And pore like thee, o'er many a weeping stone
The sympathizing characters to trace.

For those who mourn delight to read of woe,
And muse o'er those whom sorrow hath fordone,
Sad comforts only can sad sorrows know,
With others tragic tales to sooth their own!

Lo! in yon pathless lawn there grows a yew
That spreads its dark and poisonous shade along,
There nightly throng the pale departed crew,
And shivering glide the batter'd walls among.

There oft at silent midnight have I sped,
And seen my dear ones smiling at my feet;
Who from my fond embraces instant fled,
As fearful my desiring lips to meet.

Now, if thy heart be bold, till midnight stay,
And should those gentle shades to thee appear;
Tell them, I haste to leave the realms of day,
And soon will walk a kindred spirit there.

*The following beautiful translation from Anacreon,
was made by the ingenious Peter Pindar, Esq.
and sent, with the adjoining stanza to a Lady.
It proves that the tenderness and gallantry of this
Bard, are equal to his humour and originality,
and our readers may perhaps wish that his lyre
had in general the same elegant employment.*

ODE.

FAIN would I strike the harp to kings,
And give to war the founding strings;
But lo! the cords rebellious prove,
And tremble with the notes of love.
In vain I quarrel with my lyre,
In vain I change the rebel wire:
Boldly I strike to war again,
But love prevails thro' all the strain.
Oh! since not master of the spell,
Ye kings and sons of war farewell;
And since the Loves the song require,
To Venus I resign the lyre.

'Twas thus (O! nymph!) with Athic tongue
O'eryore, the gay Anacreon sung;

A bard below'd by me,
And who the poet's spell can blame?
Perhaps, old Greece could boast a dame,
With ev'ry charm like THEE.

TO HUMANITY.

Alas! how little knows the human heart,
The pleasing task of soft'ning others woe,
Stranger to joys that pity can impart,
And tears sweet sympathy can teach to flow!

If e'er I've mourn'd my humble, lowly state,
If e'er I've bow'd my knee at fortune's shrine,
If e'er a wish escap'd me to be great,
The fervent pray'r, humanity was thine.

Perish that man who hears the piteous tale
Unmov'd, to whom the heart-felt glow's unknown;
On whom the widow's plaints could ne'er prevail,
Nor made the injur'd wretch's case his own!

How little knows he the extatic joy,
The thrilling bliss of cheering wan despair?
How little knows the pleasing warm employ,
That calls the grateful tribute of a tear?

The splendid dome, the vaulted roof to rear,
The glare of pride and pomp, be grandeur thine!
To wipe from misery's eye the wailing tear,
And sooth the oppress'd orphan's woes, be mine!

Be't mine the blush of modest worth to spare,
To change to smiles affliction's rising sigh,
The kindred warmth of charity to share,
Till joy shall sparkle from the tear-fill'd eye!

Can the loud laugh, the mirth inspiring bowl,
The dance, or choral song, or jocund glee,
Affect the glowing, sympathizing soul?
Or warm the breast, Humanity, like thee?

The pallid coward's heart thou scorn'st to bear,
Thy seat's the generous bosom of the brave;
The same bold warmth that bids the valiant dare,
Bids him the trembling, prostrate victim save.

Nor all the laurels on Great Caesar's brow,
Nor all the honour Rome to pay him, strove,
Could such a glorious, deathless meed bestow,
As the fair wreath that meek-eyed mercy wore.

Shall murderous conquest point the path to fame?
Shall scenes of ravage still employ the muse?
And shall not tender mercy have her claim?
The palm to her shall still the song refuse?

Ah no! the prowess of the hero's sword,
(When but to rapine and to waste confin'd)
The shouts of triumph can no name afford,
No title like THE FATHER OF MANKIND.

Young Ammon's, or the Swedish Charles's fame,
May win the wonder of the unthinking crowd,
But reason's sober voice shall still proclaim,
"The paths to glory are not wet with blood."

To purge an impious, bold, offending race,
The stagnant, poison-breeding air to cleanse,

The indignant father bids his wrath take place,
A conqueror now, and now a whirlwind sends.

Relenting then, he bids the storms assuage,
And lo! a Washington or Adams reigns;
Justice and mercy bless the happy age,
And peace and plenty cheer the smiling plains.

THE MÈDLEY.

A FRENCH officer at a general review before
the late king *dans la plaine des sablons*, in Paris,
while he was running on horseback through the
ranks, happened to let his hat fall on the
ground; a soldier picking it up with a drawn
sword, made a hole in it, which put the officer
in a violent passion, that he declared he would
rather have the sword through his guts than his
hat. His majesty hearing this strange declarati-
on, asked him the reason: "Why, said he, there
is a surgeon of my acquaintance, who I am sure
would give me credit; but I know of no hatter
that will."

Marcus Tullius Cicero had made some ora-
tions, wherein he tartly reflected upon Marcus
Antonius, for which, when Antonius came to
be one of the triumvirate, he caused him to be
killed; but that revenge not satisfying Fulvia,
the wife of Anthony, she commanded his head
to be brought to her, upon which she first be-
stowed many dreadful curses, then spit in the
face of it, laid it in her lap, pulled out the
tongue, pricked it in divers places with a nee-
dle, and after all, set it up for a common spec-
tacle of her folly, and female cruelty, over the
pulpit, where the orators speak to the assembly.

Archytas was so modest in his speech, as
well as in all the actions of his life, that he
would carefully avoid all words that bordered
upon indecency and obscenity, and if at any
time he found himself under a necessity of using
words, that he thought might be an offence to
chaste ears, or defile his own mouth, he would
be silent; or else write the words upon the wall
that should have been spoken; but by no per-
suasions could be brought to pronounce them.

THE INDIAN RAT knowing the enmity
the dragon bears him, not only defends himself,
but conquers his enemy by the following strata-
gem. He makes two entrances to his cave, the
one small, and proportioned to the bulk of his
own body, the other wider at the surface, but
which he draws narrower by degrees, 'till to-
wards the other end, it is just wide enough to
admit of his passing through. The use of this
place is as follows: when the little animal finds
himself pursued by that voracious beast, he flies
to his cave, which he enters at the wide mouth,
not doubting but that the dragon will follow
him, who eager for his prey, the large aperture
being sufficiently wide to admit his whole body,
plunges in, but as it insensibly becomes narrow-
er, the dragon who presses violently on, finds
himself in the end so straitened as not to be able
to advance or retreat. The rat as soon as he
perceives this, sallies out of the narrow passage,
and in the rear of the dragon, entering the
wide one, revenges himself upon him, much at
his leisure, converting him into a regale for his
appetite and food for his resentment.